

Libera Me Domine (Lord, I Pray, Deliver Me)

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Summary: post-Requiem fic. Mulder is returned and Scully sorts through her feelings at what has been returned to her

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Disclaimers: the usual..gotta love CC and 1013...I'm only sixteen - please just let me write!!!

> Summary: post-Requiem fic - ties up lose ends..and will pry be completely obsolete by next season :)<br> Spoilers: major Requiem, some Enami...possibly more...

## Libera Me Domine

Libera Me Domine - Lord, I pray, deliver me

She hadn't slept well since that night two months ago when he had been taken and she had collapsed in Skinner's office. Nights were a blur of grief, wonder, and shattered nightmares from which she could not save herself. Or him. She couldn't seem to shake the awful, unnerving absolution that that night would be her last memory of him, even in sleep which dared not come.

Even now as she lay still on her couch, tears coursing silently down her cheeks, she willed that she might rest some. She was bone-weary, having exhausted every possible course of action in hopes of finding him, or at least some clue that might lead her to him. She didn't sleep, and she hated herself for it every night. It wasn't healthy for her, or for the one she now carried inside.

Everyone was so caring. So loving, she thought bitterly. Skinner had insisted she take a paid leave. Her mother had insisted the same. She had been avoiding both all week. She didn't want their help. She just wanted him. To find him. To tell him what she should have told him years ago. She sniffled and brought a trembling hand to wipe away the tears from her face. Being strong had failed a month and half ago. She was broken. She took a deep, shaky breath and closed her blue eyes in the darkness, praying to God for a few moments of

untortured peace.

\_ "Scully..." \_

No...no. Not this dream again. She didn't want to see this one again. It would only end the same...

"Scully..."

She sat up straight. Startled by the noise that ripped through her brief sleep, harsh echoings of a nightmare forgotten. Again the noise. Was her mind playing games? Again. The DOOR! She scrambled to her feet and fought the wave of panic that washed over her and left her paralyzed, unable to register what was happening.

"Scully." The voice was a whisper, a rasp against the still night air.

She dared not look through the peephole, fearing that the phantom voice would not have a body. Not be who she prayed it was.

She opened the door.

His heavy, tall figure fell against her small frame and nearly made them both topple backward to the cold ground.

"Mulder!" she gasped, her heart in her throat as she fell to her knees, still holding him up.

"Scully, I was..." he sighed, his voice disoriented and strangely hushed.

He wrapped his arms around her and buried himself in her arms, shivering. She couldn't find the words that caught in her throat and instead just crushed herself to his chest. His clothes were soaked through, and she noticed for the first time that it was pouring outside.

"Mulder," she breathed, pulling away slightly and lifting his chin to look in his eyes. "I thought..." She couldn't finish. Her eyes filled with tears of joy and confusion and overwhelming emotion and spilled once more down her cheeks.

He bent his head until his forehead was resting against her own, taking shallow breaths and trembling still. They sat like this for a long while, each taking in the other and knowing that they were finally together. She saw that he was shaking and realized that she didn't know where he had been or what might have happened to him. He could be hurt. Dying. Oh, God. For a brief time the doctor and FBI agent in her took over and she somehow found the soundness of mind to stand him up and remove his dripping jacket, his shoes.

"Mulder, are you all right? Are you hurt?" she asked softly, brushing back the soft, dark hair that spilled over his forehead.

He grabbed her hand from his head and held it, looking at her with his deep hazel eyes, the ones she had missed so much.

"I'm fine," he said softly, his voice low and gravelly. "I'm o.k. Better than you know."

"Are you sure?" she persisted, worried still and noticing the pale hue of his skin and the dark rings under his eyes that probably matched her own.

He nodded, running a lock of her auburn hair through his fingers and staring at her through stormy, troubled eyes. Hers locked with his and she felt a chill run down her spine, like he was seeing through her very soul.

"Mulder," she spoke, her voice breaking, an eyebrow lifted as her face fell, "Where have you been?"

He shook his head, his eyes incredulous and his voice still soft. "Places you'd never imagine, Scully. Places you'd never imagine..."

"Skinner...he said that he saw something. A ship," she started, "and then you were gone..."

He nodded. "They took me with them, Scully. I didn't try, but I...I couldn't stop. And, and he was there! The bounty-hunter - he was there, Scully. They took me...and we went...so far..." he said, his excited diatribe cut short by the need for air.

She took all this in silently, not able to express what she was feeling or unable to identify it. She didn't want to think, to analyze his words. She just wanted to know he was safe. He was back.

"You're cold, Mulder," she said, placing a hand on his back and one on his arm and guiding him towards the bathroom. "I'll start a shower for you and then we can get you into some warm clothes," she said, reaching in and turning on the hot water.

He was quietly complacent and took off his wet things and stepped into the shower as she went to find him some dry clothes. She walked back towards the shower with a tee shirt and sweat pants that she had been keeping in his old overnight bag that he had sometimes kept in the closet. She set them inside the door and resisted the urge to make sure that he was all right. She sat down on the couch and realized her heart was still pounding in her chest. He's back, she thought, her eyes shining in the dark of the room. She switched on a lamp and picked up the phone, knowing that she had to share the news.

It took six rings before Assistant Director Skinner finally managed to pull himself out of bed and to a phone.

"Sir," she said nervously, embarrassed that she had waken him. She had forgotten it was past two in the morning.

"Agent Scully? What is it? Is something wrong?" he asked, his voice thick with worry and tiredness.

"No, Sir..." she couldn't find her words. She heard a noise from the bathroom and suddenly regained her composure. "Mulder's back, Sir. He's back," she repeated, her voice breathless.

"What? Are you sure?"

She stifled a laugh. "Of course."

"When? And...How?" he asked, his voice fully awake now and dripping incredulity.

"Just about a half hour ago," she said softly, checking the clock on the wall in the pale light. "And I don't know how. But," she smiled, "he's here."

"Listen to me, Dana. We have to get him to a hospital right away. I'll get a team of doctors to look him over and—" He was cut off.

"No, Sir," she said, her fragile voice becoming firm. "Not tonight..."

"Scully, he needs medical attention!" Skinner said, growing irascible at her stubbornness.

"Tomorrow," she said, barely above a whisper. A pleading.

He suddenly realized what she must be feeling. What they both must be feeling. They needed to be alone for awhile. One more night wasn't going to hurt, he decided resignedly.

"All right, Agent Scully. But I will meet you both at the hospital first thing in the morning. Is that clear?" he asked, his voice firm but softened.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you," she said simply as she hung up.

Mulder approached her from the bathroom in the clothes she had left for him. His walk was slightly unsteady, but he looked much better. She almost cried again.

"Was that SkinMan?" he asked, his tone light.

She smiled widely, and looked down, afraid of tears. He lifted her chin with his hand and searched her eyes.

"What's wrong?"

She chuckled through a shaky breath and said, "I missed your stupid jokes."

He smiled his famous lopsided grin and kissed her then, light and brief on her lips, his hands cupping her face to his. She shuddered and put her arms around his neck, afraid that her legs would give out. He smiled and nuzzled against her ear, smelling her and memorizing her soft scent. He felt her relax in his arms and he laid her down on the couch, resting her head gently on a pillow. She watched him through half closed eyes and pulled him down to her. He rested his head on her chest and wrapped his arms around her waist, settling into the couch and sighing as he relaxed. He had missed her, too.

"Mulder," she said sleepily, "tell me what happened. Did they...hurt you?"

"No," he said gently. "It was so \_strange\_...but they didn't touch me. They showed me things, Scully. Incredible things."

"Tell me," she said, her hands absently stroking his hair.

"I saw...I saw a star being formed, Scully. An actual star..." he chuckled. "It almost blinded me, but I couldn't look away...it was so beautiful. Amazing."

"I wish I could have seen it," she whispered, wondering what other incredible things he must have seen, experienced.

"Me too."

They were silent for a while, their breathes growing deep and even. Scully broke the silence, needing to know more.

"Mulder," she said quietly. "Were you scared?"

"Yes." His voice grew dark, almost haunted. "At first...at first I was terrified. I thought they meant to kill me, or that I'd never see you again," he said, sitting up suddenly and reaching for his neck.

He removed the golden cross necklace that she had given to him before he left. He reached over and fastened it around her neck, watching it shimmer in the moonlight.

"I prayed, Scully," he whispered. "I prayed every night that God would come and take me away from there..deliver me. I didn't know what else to do...and then I realized what you would do...and I prayed," he said, looking to her eyes. "And it helped. I never thought I could believe..."

She took his hands in hers and pulled him close into a hug, touched by his revelation.

"I've needed you," she whispered into his ear. "There's something I need to tell you."

"I know," he said, looking into her eyes and startling her as he let a hand slip down and gently cover her abdomen.

She took a quick breath, her eyes wide and eyebrows raised.

"But...how? And how is it possible? And..and is-" He stopped her by placing a finger to her lips and nodding.

"It's mine. Ours," he said softly, letting his words sink in. "They have technology there, Scully. Far beyond anything we could imagine. They asked...asked me if there was anything that I needed done back home..on earth. I asked them..." he faltered, searching her. "and they said that it was possible and they could..." He looked for a reaction, not knowing how or if she would accept this.

She smiled then, tears of relief and some kind of joy brimming to her lashes and threatening to break lose. She glowed. And he smiled. And they sat like this for what seemed hours. The storm outside had lightened, and only thunder was heard outside the windows.

"There's something I want you to see, Scully," he said suddenly, pulling her into a standing position and leading her towards the kitchen.

"What is it?" she asked, confused when he picked up a sharp butcher knife from the wrack by the sink.

"Give me your hand," he said his eyes distant.

She hesitated, eyeing him. His eyes met hers and she knew that she could trust him.

"Just watch," he said softly, taking the knife and moving it slowly across the palm of her hand.

The pain registered and she made a sharp cry as the blood flowed from the wound, throbbing.

"Mulder!" she said, not understanding.

"Just watch," he repeated, taking her bleeding hand in his.

And she watched as he ran a finger slowly over the cut. Felt as the pain disappear. Saw how the cut mysteriously vanished from where he had touched her, the skin like new. Her eyes were wide.

"How?" she whispered.

He placed the bloodied knife in the sink and turned to her, his eyes aglow.

"Do you remember how I had some kind of operation performed on my while I was missing..after you went to Africa?" he asked, his voice excited and urgent.

"Of course."

"What was making me ill was some kind of alien DNA - a brain state that my body couldn't handle. And now...after they took me..." he struggled, trying to find words to express what had happened. "Now I can use what's left to do things...to heal," he said finally.

"Mulder...I don't see how," she said, not wanting him to think that she didn't believe him.

"I know it's hard to believe, Scully, but so is the technology I saw and used, so are the things I've seen. But it's true...and it could mean incredible advances in how we live. Everyone," he said, smiling excitedly and grasping her hands.

"You mean...you know how to use this technology, this power...how to duplicate it?"

"It could mean the end to all disease, Scully. Cancer, AIDS, everything..."

She thought of the Smoking Man...of what he had promised her those many months ago. The technology that could change the

world.

"Mulder," she said, amazed, "that's incredible. It's..." she faltered as a dizzy spell hit.

"Scully?" he said, quickly steadyng her and leading her over to the couch.

He noticed for the first time how pale she was. How tired she looked. \_What she must have gone through\_, he thought.

"Are you o.k.?"

She closed her eyes and wetted her lips, nodding. "I'm fine. I just haven't been sleeping very well...I have nightmares."

He laid down on the couch and pulled her down next to him, snuggling against her back and covering them both with a blanket. She sighed and closed her eyes, finally at rest.

"Mulder," she said quietly. "I love you. And I prayed, too."

He smiled in the darkness and kissed the back of her neck softly.

"I know....Sleep."

There was so much more, but the rest could wait. It could all wait the night. There would be tomorrow...tomorrow.

End

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file.